

# Good Morning \$110

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Continuing his series  
"What They Believe,"  
J. M. BARDON writes  
about the Japanese  
National religion Shinto

## THE SHINTOISTS

**SHINTO** is the national religion of Japan and any full understanding of Japanese character and behaviour is really impossible without some knowledge of the religion and "blanket." Whatever the way it has been used in building the Japanese into a completely united militaristic nation.

As with other religions, it is necessary to distinguish between the original "pure" doctrine and philosophy and the present day practice and beliefs. The peculiarity of Shinto is such that many students have claimed it is not a religion at all, but a political system of natural objects and phenomena such as rain and thunder.

In this mixture of fetishism, spiritism and totemism almost everything was worshipped—even the house on occasions—and shrines were erected to an astonishing variety of deified people and things. Even living people might have shrines erected to them and be worshipped as sacred.

When Japanese travellers returning from the mainland began to bring with them other teachings, and especially those of Buddha, the encroachments were strenuously resisted in favour of the native religion. It was during this conflict that the name Shinto first appeared (the middle of the sixth century). The word means "The way of the Spirits."

Within limits there was religious toleration. Members of the same family may follow

different Buddhist sects. But, "Golden Rule" found in Christianity and other religions.

In its purist form, Shinto is simple idolatry. But the factor which has come to be emphasised is that of ancestor worship and reverence for parents, leading up to worship of the Emperor.

In Japan, roughly, belief in "God" and belief in the divinity and infallibility of the Emperor are the same thing. Yet it should be made clear that the Emperor is not the God. There are reputed to be eight million gods and in fact the religion makes possible an unlimited number.

Writing fifty years ago, when the westernisation of the Japanese was still comparatively new, a noted authority said of Shinto that "as the light of Western advancement sheds its searching ray over the country's traditions, the credence which is even now, to some extent, given to the national mythology will be withdrawn, and the divinity attaching to the Imperial dynasty will forever lose hold in the minds of the people. But although this devotion to the head of the State become a thing of the past, as it must be, being prompted by ignorance, the loyalty of the masses for their Emperor will never wane."

Unfortunately things have not worked out at all like this. While to-day it may be true that the more intelligent and educated Japanese regards the



Procession of Shinto Priests at the Festival of Meiji Shrine in Tokyo.

national mythology in much the same way as many Christians regard the stories in the Old Testament, Shinto has been systematically fostered as a powerful weapon for political purposes, so that to be religious and to be "patriotic" has become virtually the same thing.

Far from the belief in the literal divinity of the Emperor being diminished, it is officially encouraged and even enforced. For instance, it is assumed that any ordinary mortal looking on the God-Emperor's face would be blinded and the police force home this belief by seeing that when the Emperor passes beyond the bounds of the palace all blinds along the route are drawn and the streets for half-a-mile on each side of his route are cleared in case someone should catch a glimpse of him.

When he makes public appearances, as at military reviews, those he looks at are supposed to avert their glance and not see him. His doctor is said to wear gloves so that he shall not touch him. When it was found that part of a new police building in Tokyo was

higher than the palace, the prayers, repents and so on building was pulled down. These are but examples of the outward signs of divinity which have been ever more strongly emphasised in recent years by the military leaders for their own purposes.

The idolatrous basis of Shinto is seen to-day when photographs of the Emperor are worshipped in exactly the same way as his person—these photographs are brought out from their concrete and steel safes in schools, etc., on certain days and treated with the same respect as would be the Emperor's person. The safes are necessary because accidental damage to a photograph—as by fire—would rank with allowing harm to happen to the Emperor and result in hari-kiri, or at least dismissal from any sort of public life.

Prayers on rising consist of washing, rinsing the mouth and bowing towards Yamato where are the great shrines of Ise. There are estimated to be some 100,000 shrines of all kinds in Japan. The Japanese scholars have emphasised that the fundamental of Shinto is a "reverential feeling towards the dead." When Western students first came to study the religion they were most struck by the complete absence of an ethical code. In so far as "sin" is recognised it was said to be a "breaking of the law." If there was no law there could be no sin. Some saw the great danger, for nowhere else in the world is their religion without implied ethics and a code of conduct.

Unfortunately they assumed that with westernisation, the basic principles of Christianity, if not its theology, would secure some hold in Japan. This proved not to be the case.

During the war, indeed, the Japanese propagandists have attempted to incorporate Christianity into Shinto and have even "proved" that Christ was born in Northern Japan. They have re-translated the Bible along these lines. This, perhaps, is less astonishing than the fact that it has given rise to no scepticism or protest.

## SHOP TALK by Derek Hebberton

THE destruction of a further constant attack by Allied naval and air forces is already intensifying the enemy's difficulties in maintaining the vital network of supply lines.

Oil, ammunition, ore, wool, food, military supplies of many kinds, are distributed to garrisons by these coastal craft, whose peace-time cargoes consisted of rice, copra, atap, rattan and bark.

The steadily mounting toll taken of enemy shipping by H.M. submarines is playing an increasingly important part in the whole strategy of the war now being waged over the vast areas of the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

For as the depletion of their major shipping continues, the Japanese must rely more and more on the fleets of small coastal vessels, such as junks, schooners and ketches, to maintain the essential link in their far-flung lines of sea communication.

Although their resources of small craft are large—in Hong Kong alone the Japanese captured a thousand large fishing junks of up to 140 tons in size



CHARLIE MOULD  
Caterer of the "Cricketers' Arms," Richmond, Surrey.

IN Burma, for instance, there are several types of coastal and river craft used by the Japanese, built of teak and native hardwoods, and with a capacity of up to 80 tons.

Ketches and schooners from Tavoy, cutters from Sandway, and craft from Margui, are

three types used in these waters, and on the Irrawaddy "river country" craft of the

Laung-zat type are commonly employed, sailing upstream before the favourable prevailing southerly wind, and coming down to Rangoon under paddles or by poling.

At Rangoon, a European type of cargo lighter is used mostly for the discharge of ocean shipping.

Paddy gigs, cargo sampans and Kiskies, smaller types of sailing craft, also carry supplies.

Small wooden coastal ves-

sels about 100 ft. long, fitted

with semi-diesel motors and occasionally armed with machine-guns, are being built

in an attempt to solve this supply problem, but the

enemy are restricted by limited shipyard facilities.

The Junk, mainstay of the

enemy's fleet of small coastal carrying heavy cargoes.

shortage, now making itself felt, is likely to become acute before the end of the year.

AN old friend, Mr. Charlie Mould, of Richmond, sprang a surprise on me last week. He told me that his son Albert was a Stokey in submarines. From the Cricketers Arms, Albert comes greetings—a host of well-wishers, among them Mr. and Mrs. Monk (Buck Ryan, of course), Phil Shipway send the urgent signal that pints are lining up for you.

Your mother and father, naturally, send fondest wishes. Here's to a gill or two on the green pal!

GOODY-GOODY—more gongs more pints at the Palace.

For outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarine Universal.

D.S.O.

Lieut. Cecil Gordon, R.N.

D.S.C.

Temp. Lieut. Ronald Coates

Walker, R.N.V.R.

D.S.M.

Acting Chief Petty Officer

Robert Dannatt, Petty Officer

William Bennett; Temp. Acting

Petty Officer Walter Edward

Garnham; Temp. Acting Petty

Officer Telegraphist Norman

Cochrane; Engine Room Arti-

lier Third Class Robert Will-

iams; and Able Seaman Alber-

Teft.

Mention in Despatches.

Lieut. Edward John Bethell

Marshall-Smedley, R.N.; Stokey

Petty Officer Thomas Ernest

Deacon; Temp. Acting Leading

Seaman Ivor George Bearne;

Temp. Acting Leading Stokey

Francis Edward Eve's; and

Temp. Acting Leading Stokey

Robert John James Gritten.

Well done, gentlemen.

"Good Morning" salutes you!

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Why Do We Like You So Much, Sailor?

RECENTLY voted Britain's most popular film star during the past year, actor James Mason proved, once again, that "personality" is the real thing that "gets" the public, for he has been outstanding in heavy roles. Has not reached his present position because of the "hero roles" he might have been given.

You have only to glance at prominent people to realise the part that personality has played in making them world-famous figures. Take, for instance, Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Everything he does has personality stamped upon it. Mr. Churchill is unique, because there is only one "Winnie."

The personality of such a figure as Mr. Churchill, apart from his cigar, amusing hats, and power of speech, can be attributed to the fact that he can make an impression upon people of all types without making an effort. By his own natural self he gains respect, admiration, and in most cases opens the way for a mutual understanding.

Personality can be developed. Quite a number of folk, who have become public figures, have purposely gone in for distinctive types of dress. They adopted ideas that were not commonplace, but which would automatically make people think of them.

In the world of sport there are to-day few of the personalities of a few years ago. The war, true, has played a part in reducing the "personality" from sport, but glance back for just a minute. What made Jack Hobbs the idol of the cricket public; Alex James the Eddie Cantor of soccer; Jimmie Wilde theistic wonder?

Let us start with Jack Hobbs.

The Surrey and England batsman, whose record of 196 centuries in first-class cricket may never be beaten, brought the eyes of the world upon him by reason of his superb skill—but it was Hobbs the man, as well as Jack the cricket crack, which made him such a beloved character.

Hobbs, quiet and unassuming, was always ready for a joke. He made everyone feel that he was enjoying himself—and wanted them to do the same. The broad smile and whole sporting "personality," that simply forced itself upon you when in the presence of the master batsman, has been noted by millions.

"A great man—so easy to get on with," is the description given of Jack Hobbs by another cricket personality. The phrase "easy to get on with" is the root from which Jack Hobbs' personality sprung. By his natural charm he made you feel that he was a man of personality.

And if you felt that way—well, you were right.

In a different way Lancashire's Gracie Fields endeared herself to the vast theatrical, film, and radio public.

Gracie Fields, even when fame and fortune went her way—gained, it might be added, only after years of patient effort—never lost her sense of proportion and forgot that she was "one of the crowd."

In fact, Gracie often went out of her way to show others that she was still a "Rochdale lass." She debunked glamour—and in so doing made thousands of other girls realise that personality is the

thing that really matters. To be yourself and at the same time develop an outlook and general way of life that will not only please you but other people, is the right ideal.

Another sportsman, wee Alex James, with the long pants, short legs, and cheeky face, had a terrific personality—and this could be traced to the cheeky manner in which he outwitted hefty opponents by a deft twist of his feet.

The Scottish international and Arsenal captain knew how to use his personality to worry opposing defences. He has made famous sides crumple without even touching the ball. That's real personality.

In "looking at oneself" so far as personality is concerned, it is important to take into consideration these things: (1) your ability to carry on a conversation; (2) range of topics on which you can talk; (3) your adaptability.

Conversation plays a big part in creating an impression; a wide range of subjects enables one to talk with a number of folk; adaptability means that you can fix into any company "comfortably."

**Look at the people among your friends you most admire. Think, just for a moment, WHY you like them so much. What is it that makes them stand out?**

In many cases "little things," such as a trick of speech, a way of wearing a coat or hat, play a big part in stamping out the

personality of a man or woman; makes them "stand out" in a crowd. That, more than anything else, is personality.

Personality, which opens the gate to success in many walks of life, especially in the business world, is natural in the case of most celebrities, although, in many instances, folk, by carefully studying the personality-formula of others, have, after careful practice, followed their example.

By far the best way of getting the best out of yourself is to examine carefully your good and strong points. Be quite frank with yourself and determine to make your attractive

Eric Winter



## Look Out for These

### No. 1—The Living Leaf

HAVE you ever seen a leaf walking? Probably not, unless you have studied botany in the tropics.

In Malaya there lives a little fellow known to naturalists as Phyllum, but a more appropriate name is the "Living Leaf."

At a distance of about twelve inches, it needs a keen and experienced eye to detect any difference between this insect and the green-oak leaves on which it feeds.

Its body is long and thin, and bears a strong resemblance to the central vein of a leaf. The four wings suitably veined and coloured enhance this resemblance.

Even its colour is derived in the same way as that of a real plant.

When the eggs are produced they are scattered loosely on the earth in the same way as the seeds of plants. (In appearance, too, there is a strong similarity).

These remain thinly covered with earth for about two years, and then the young Phyllum emerges.

Several times during its life it casts its skin and after each "moult" its size increases. When fully-grown, it has been known to measure as much as nine inches.

Its life-span may be anything from six weeks to a year.

So effective is this masterpiece of natural camouflage that in addition to observers being hoodwinked, others of its kind are often so far deceived that they begin to nibble at each other!

Many of the natives of the countries where the living leaf is found are convinced that it is really a leaf which, for some inexplicable reason, has taken to walking.

Its mission accomplished, the Leaf Insect carries on the hoax to the end. It becomes mottled yellow and brown, withers, and falls to the ground exactly like a dead leaf.

C. R.

## NICKS IS THE BOY NOT TURPIN

The real hero of the famous ride to York was an insignificant highwayman named Nicks, who robbed a wayfarer of six hundred and fifty guineas at four o'clock on a summer morning between Gravesend and Chatham. Being notorious in that district, and seeing that he had been recognised by his victim, Nicks decided to get as

far away from the district as possible.

Riding to Gravesend, he took the ferry to the Essex shore of the Thames, and from there passed northward through Chelmsford and Braintree to Cambridge. Here he fed and watered his mare, a magnificent bay, and galloped on to Huntingdon.

Thinking that by then he must have outstripped all pursuit, Nicks stopped for an hour, ate a hearty meal, washing it down with a bottle of wine, rubbed down his horse, and still riding at a gallop, headed for York, which he reached at six that evening.

His time of fourteen hours for the journey on horseback from Gravesend to York compares favourably with that of the modern train, for he only took about twice as long as the journey takes by rail, allowing for a reasonable bus ride between the London stations.

Arriving in York, Nicks immediately changed into other clothes, and, meeting the Lord Mayor on the bowling green, made a small bet with him.

Being arrested and charged with the robbery near Gravesend, he called the Lord Mayor as a witness for him, and, the judge charging the jury that no man might be in two spots so far apart in the same day, he was acquitted.

Telling the story of his ride when somewhat drunk one night in a tavern, it came to the ears of King Charles II, who summoned Nicks before him and heard the tale from his own lips.

In memory of this famous ride, His Majesty named him Swiftnicks, and gave him a commission in Lord Monck's regiment in Ireland, where he married a girl with a considerable fortune, and became an honest man.

Turpin, who was later credited with this ride, was arrested for horse stealing at Beverley, and afterwards charged with that and other offences before Sir William Chapple, one of the justices of the King's Bench, at the York Assizes, and condemned to death.

He behaved himself with amazing composure on the way to the gallows, bowing right and left to the spectators, and after making a speech of some thirty-five minutes, threw himself from the gallows, and, as the chronicler puts it, "expired peacefully in about the space of five minutes."

The Turpin (or Nicks) stunt has been worked thousands of times since in every generation. You do the job, make a getaway and hope that by apparently being on an entirely fresh scene in an incredibly short space of time you will create an alibi for yourself.

GORDON RICH.

## EXIT ELM

CONCERN is being felt for the future of some of the finest elm trees in England. Of late years a fungus known as Dutch Disease, which always causes a good deal of damage to this most graceful of trees, has developed to such an extent, and over so wide an area, that unless some easy method of tackling it is discovered, the elm may disappear from our parks.

In three years, ten out of every hundred of the elm trees in Oxford parks, which cover some seventy acres, have been lost. And in London, Tooting Common, Clapham Common, Ravenscourt Park and other open spaces have lost valuable and beautiful elms.

The fungus is carried by a small black beetle which infests the tree. So far no cure for the disease has been found, and there is no stopping it once it gets hold. Lopping off branches doesn't help.

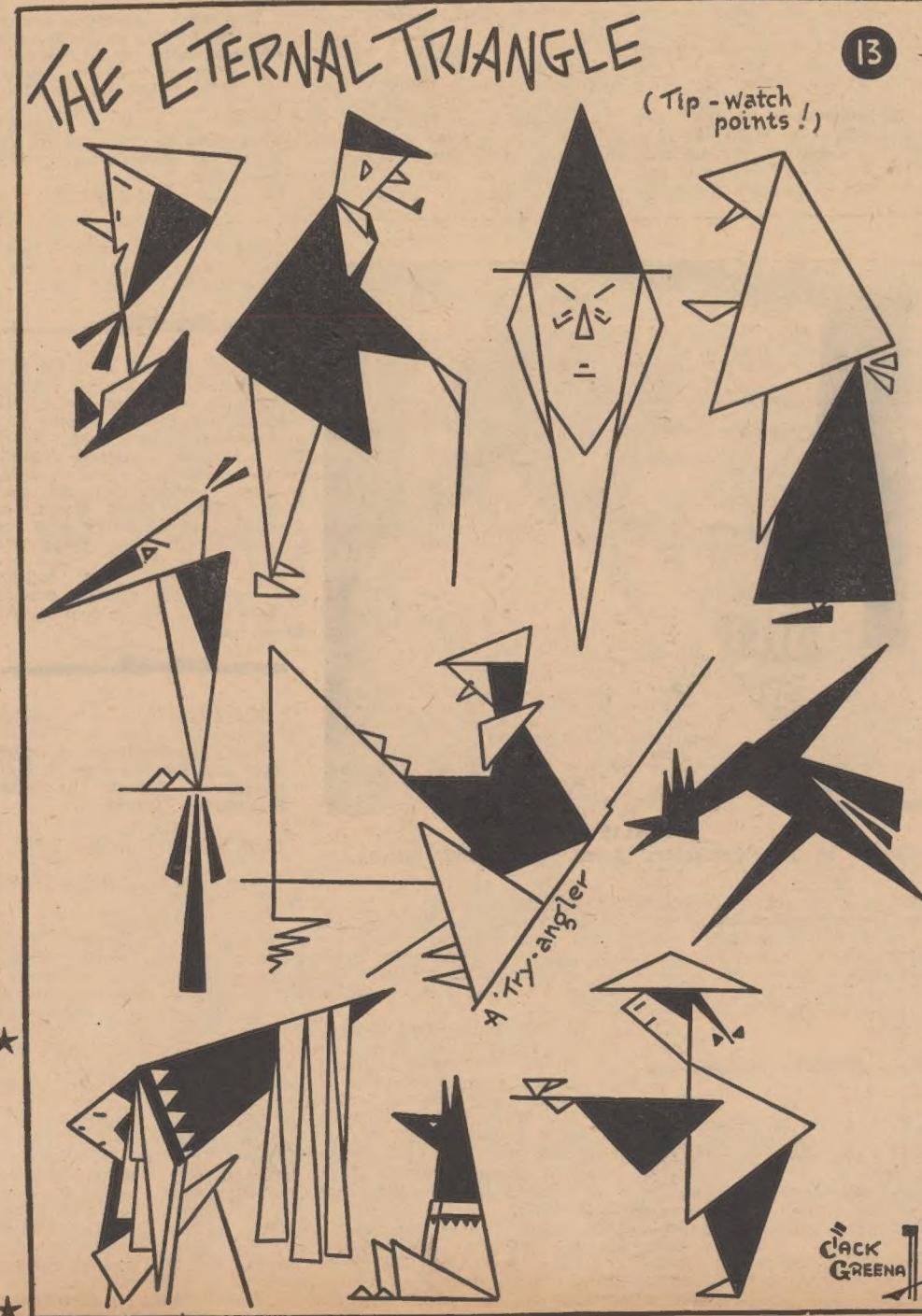
The milder climate of Southern England seems to encourage the trouble, for elms in the North are not affected.

D.N.K.B.

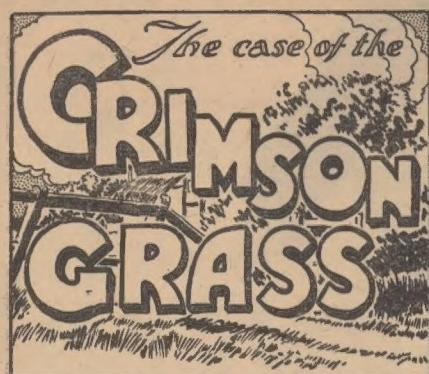
## ALEX CRACK

Dramatic Critic (to budding playwright): "You should use a gun or a bomb in the suicide scene, then the audience would wake up and know it was time to go home."

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. All you need is a ruler and a good temper. Triangles of all shapes were used solely to construct all the sketches on this plate. Use a ruler for all lines. This plate is really easy.



# BUCK RYAN



*Bad luck, Sniffer! Bad luck for your Owner, too*



D151



D152



D153



D154



D155

## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

MANY appreciations of President Roosevelt have appeared in the philatelic press for the interest he took in the hobby and impulse he gave to collecting in his own country and in all parts of the world. I quote an editorial by D. B. Armstrong from his paper, "Stamp Collecting," which is fairly representative of the tone of these tributes.

In President Roosevelt (he writes) philately has lost one of its most eminent and enthusiastic exponents. Under the influence of his example the number of stamp collectors in the United States has increased by leaps and bounds, so that to-day America boasts the largest philatelically-minded population in the world.

By no means a serious student of stamps from the purely specialist aspect, his interest in, and appreciation of, the cult lay chiefly in its instructional and recreative appeals.

Though stronger in some countries than in others, his stamp-collecting activities covered a wide and catholic field. Human interest weighed higher with him than mere cash value. He never paid high prices for rare stamps, and most of his philatelic acquisitions came through new issue services and similar sources.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was that scarce type of collector who finds as much delight in a stamp worth but a few cents as in a "Post Office Mauritus."

It is perhaps one of the highest tributes to the recreational value of philately that he invariably turned to his stamps for relief from the cares of State, no less than his bodily affliction, and found in them an ever-present solace.

On that Sunday morning of December 7, 1941, when the catastrophic news of Japanese treachery at Pearl Harbour came like a bolt from the blue, it is on record that, with Mr. Harold Ickes, he was going through the latest additions to his albums.

More than once, at his famous news conferences, President Roosevelt confessed to visiting journalists that his apparently intimate acquaintance with out-of-the-way parts of the world was derived from his stamp collection.

Together with his private library at Hyde Park, New York, the "Roosevelt" stamp collections are bequeathed to the American nation.

He was the recipient also of a number of "presentation" collections from the heads of friendly States, among the last to be received being one of stamps of the Vatican City from His Holiness the Pope.



Throughout his four terms of office he supervised personally the many special issues of stamps made by the Post Office Department of the United States.

Several of them, indeed, owed their inception to his inspiration, such as the famous Flags series, which he created as a tribute to the overrun nations with whose liberation he was so intimately and sympathetically concerned.

No President of the United States may be portrayed upon the national stamps whilst still living, but it is safe to assume that it will not be long before F. D. R. takes his place in that galaxy of famous men immortalised upon the postal issues of the Great Republic over which he presided so long and so well.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A COMPETITION has been opened by the Belgian postal authorities for a design appropriate to a special postage stamp to be sold at a premium in aid of charities for prisoners of war, deportees, and members of the resistance movement. The first prize is one of 50,000 francs, and other prizes amount in all to 100,000 francs.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The French stamp illustrated here is the first to be designed and printed by the new Government of the Fourth Republic, and it commemorates the liberation of France. It has a face value of four francs and is coloured blue. The two Russian stamps illustrate the Order of Alexander Nevsky and the Order of Kutusov, and are part of a series commemorating Russian medals of the Great Patriotic War.

# Good Morning

As a change from pictures of New York, U.S.A.—Here's a page of pictures of old York, Eng.

It has no skyscrapers, it has no Broadway. You won't find speakeasies, clip-joints or auto-mats there. Its chemists' shops are not called drug stores, and they don't sell ice-cream sodas. There's not a honky-tonk in the town, and very few juke-boxes. But as a city it was old when Red Indians roamed Manhattan island. York is one of the old walled cities of England. At intervals along its walls are keeps in which to this day live many officials with their families.



We start our voyage of discovery by climbing the steps to the wall-top, and are rewarded by a magnificent view of the Minster.



Descending again, we pass through one of the old gateways to the city, and begin to understand why York is an antiquarian's dream city.



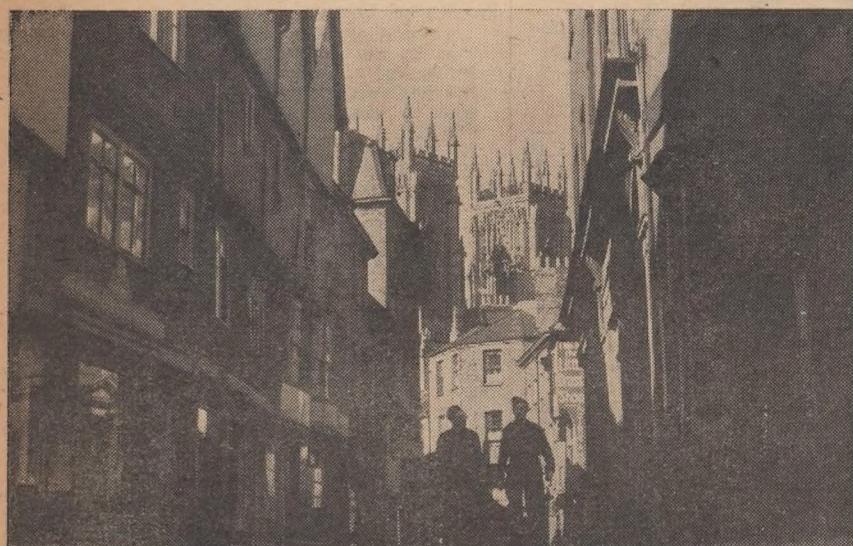
The quaint old Minster Gates, with its tiny shops, and in the background the massive doorways of the Minster.



Continuing to stroll the narrow streets, we come to the much-photographed Shambles where, from the upper rooms, you can shake hands from window to window across the street.



Then down through Stonegate, where almost every building is gabled and overhangs the pavement. This street is a paradise for those people who love to potter and hunt for curios in the antique shops which grow here as thickly as buttercups in a meadow.



And now we retrace our steps up Petergate, where the lovely towers of the Minster fill the slip of sky. Wherever one turns in York, the view is dominated by the Minster.



Before we take our leave of York we must visit Kirkgate. This ancient street now exists only in reconstructions within the Castle Museum. Schoolchildren are seen at a sketching class there.